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At the great society event, the "Paquin" Paris model exhibition, held recently at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York City, the one great fashion novelty shown on almost every dress and blouse was the **JAPANESE COLLAR**.

This delightful design was first described and illustrated by Pictorial Review more than a month ago, and it is again presented in a number of novel ways in the April number of Pictorial Review—now on sale.

Once again, as usual, Pictorial Review was the first American publication to show the latest style.

Pictorial Review is always first and always right in presenting the newest and smartest styles. That fact has made Pictorial Review the Fashion Authority in over a million American homes. See the **Easter Fashion Number** before selecting your garments for Spring.

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Seven Keys to Baldpate

By **EARL DERR BIGGERS**

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(Continued.)

"All the morning papers, gentle," proclaimed the boy, "let the Star tell the story."

He held up the paper. It's huge black headlines looked dull and old and sorry. But the story they told was new and alive and startling.

"The Mayor Trapped," shrieked the headlines. "Attempt to Pass Big Bribe at Baldpate Inn Foiled by Star Reporter. Hayden of the Suburban Commits Suicide to Avoid Disgrace."

"Give me a paper, boy," said the mayor. "Yes—a Star." His voice was even, his face unmoved. He took the sheet and studied it, with an easy smile. "Clipping in fear to his side, Max read to. At length Mr. Cargan spoke, looking up at Magee.

"So," he remarked, "so—reporters, eh—you and your lady friend? Reporters for this lying sheet—the Star?"

Mr. Magee smiled up from his own copy of the paper.

"Not I," he answered, "but my lady friend—yes. It seems she was just that. A Star reporter you can call her and tell her so."

"It was a good story—the story which the mayor, Max, the professor and Magee read with varying emotions there in the smoking car. The girl had served her employers well, and Mr. Magee, as he read, felt a thrill of pride in her. Evidently the employers had felt that same thrill. For in the captions under the pictures, in the headlines and in a first page editorial, none of which the girl had written, the Star spoke admirably of its woman reporter who had done a man's work—who had gone to Baldpate Inn and had brought back a gigantic bribe fund—alone and unaided."

"Indeed?" smiled Mr. Magee to himself.

In the editorial on that first page the triumphant cry of the Star arose to shatter its fellows in the heavens. At last, said the editor, the long campaign which his paper alone of all the Repton papers had waged against a corrupt city administration was brought to a successful close. The victory was won. How had this been accomplished? Into the Star office had come rumors a few days back of the proposed payment of a big bribe at the inn on Baldpate mountain. The paper had decided that one of its representatives must be on the ground. It had debated long whom to send. Miss Evelyn Rhodes, its well-known special writer, had got the tip in question; she had pleaded to go to the inn. The editor, considering her sex, had sternly refused. Then gradually he had been brought to see the wisdom of sending a girl rather than a man. The sex of the former would put the guilty parties under surveillance off guard. So Miss Rhodes was dispatched to the inn. Here was her story. It convicted Cargan beyond a doubt. The very money offered as a bribe was now in the hands of the Star editor and would be turned over to Prosecutor Drayton at his request. All this under the disquieting title, "Prison Stripes For the Mayor."

The girl's story told how, with one companion, she had gone to Upper Asquewan Falls. There was no mention of the station waiting room nor of the tears shed therein on a certain evening. Mr. Magee noted. She had reached the inn on the morning of the day when the combination was to be phoned. Blind was already there. Shortly after came the mayor and Max.

"You got to get me out of this," Magee heard Max pleading over Cargan's shoulder.

"Keep still!" replied the mayor roughly. He was reading his copy of the Star with keen interest now.

"I've done your dirty work for years," whined Max. "Who puts on the rubber shoes and speaks up dark alleys hunting votes among the garbage, while you do the Old Glory stunt on Main street? I do. You got to get me out of this. It may mean jail. I couldn't stand that, I'd die."

A horrible parody of a man's real fear was in his face. The mayor shook himself as though he would be rid forever of the coward hanging on his arm.

"Hush up, can't you?" he said. "I'll see you through."

"You got to, Lou Max wailed. Miss Rhodes' story went on to tell how Hayden refused to phone the combination; how the mayor and Max dynamited the safe and secured the premises; and how they took it in an

attempt at the time they had been one of his suicide when he found that his actions were in danger of exposure—a bitter smile for Kendrick that reflected Magee—and how, through a strange series of accidents, the money came into the hands of the writer for the Star. These accidents were not given in detail.

"An amusing feature of the whole affair," said Miss Evelyn Rhodes, "was the presence at the inn of Mr. William Hollowell Magee, the New York writer of light fiction, who had come there to escape the distractions of a great city, and to work in the solitude, and who immediately on his arrival became involved in the surprising drama of Baldpate."

"I'm an amusing feature," reflected Magee.

"Mr. Magee," continued Miss Rhodes, "will doubtless be one of the state's chief witnesses when the case against Cargan comes to trial, as will Professor Thaddeus Bolton, holder of the Crandall chair of comparative literature at Repton university, and David Kendrick, formerly of the Suburban, but who retired six years ago to take up his residence abroad. The latter two went to the inn to represent Prosecutor Drayton and made every effort in their power to secure the package of money from the reporter for the Star, not knowing her connection with the affair."

"Well, Mr. Magee," asked Professor Bolton, laying down the paper which he had been perusing at a distance of about an inch from his nose.

"Once again, professor," laughed Magee, "reporters have entered your life."

The old man sighed.

"You got to get me out of this," Max was still telling the mayor.

"For God's sake," cried Cargan, "shut up and let me think!" He sat for a moment staring at one place, his face still lacking all emotion, but his eyes a trifle narrower than before.

"You haven't got me yet!" he cried, standing up. "By the eternal, I'll fight to the last ditch, and I'll win. I'll show Drayton he can't play this game on me. I'll show the Star. That dirty sheet has bounded me for years. I'll put it out of business, and I'll send the reformers howling into the alleys, sick of the fuss they started themselves."

"Perhaps," said Professor Bolton, "but only after the fight of your life, Cargan."

"I'm ready for it!" cried Cargan. "I ain't down and out yet. But to think a woman—a little bit of a girl I could have put in my pocket—it's all a big joke. I'll bear them. I'll show them. The game's far from played out. I'll win, and if I don't—"

He crumpled suddenly into his seat, his eyes on that unpleasant line about "Prison Stripes For the Mayor."

"If I don't," he stammered pitifully, "well, they sent him to an island at the end. The reformers got Napoleon at the last. I won't be alone in that."

At this unexpected sign of weakness in his hero, Mr. Magee set up a renewed bubble of fear at his side. The train was in the Repton suburbs now. At a near little station it slowed down to a stop and a florid policeman entered the smoking car. Cargan looked up.

"Hello, Dan," he said. His voice was lifeless; the oldtime ring was gone. The policeman removed his helmet and saluted him nervously.

"I thought I'd tell you, Mr. Cargan," he said. "I thought I'd warn you. You'd better get out here. There's a big crowd in the station at Repton. They're waiting for you, sir; they've heard you're on this train. This lying newspaper, Mr. Cargan, it's been telling tales—I guess you know about that. There's a big mob. You better get out here, sir, and go downtown on a car."

If the mighty Cargan had looked limp and beaten for a moment he looked that way no more. He stood up and his head seemed almost to touch the roof of the car. Over that big patrolman he towered; his eyes were cold and hard again; his lips curved in the smile of the master.

"And why," he bellowed, "should I get out here? Tell me that, Dan!"

"Well, sir," replied the embarrassed copper, "they're ugly. There's no telling what they might do. It's a bad mob. This newspaper, it's stirred 'em up."

"Ugly, are they?" sneered Cargan. "Ever seen the bunch I would go out of my way for, Dan?"

"I meant it all right, sir," said Dan. "I'm a friend to a man who's been a friend to me. No, I never saw you afraid of any bunch yet, but this—"

"This," replied Cargan, "is the same old bunch—the same fly-bitten crowd that I've seen in the streets since I laid the first paving stone under 'em myself in '91. Afraid of them? H—! I'd walk through an ant hill as scared as I would through that mob. Thanks for telling me, Dan, but Jim Cargan won't be in the mollycoddle class for a century, or two yet."

"Yes, sir," said the patrolman, admiringly. He turned out of the car, and the mayor turned to find Lou Max pale and fearful by his side.

"What'll you do now?" he asked.

"I'm afraid," cried Max. "Did you



bear what he said? A mob! I saw a mob office. Never again for me!" He tried to smile to pass it off as a pleasant jest, but he had to wet his lips with his tongue before he could go on. "Come on, Jim. Get off here. Don't be a fool!"

The train began to move.

"Get off yourself, you coward!" sneered Cargan. "Oh, I know you! It doesn't take much to make your stomach shrink. Get off!"

Max eagerly seized his hat and bag. "I will if you don't mind," he said. "See you later at Charlie's." And in a flash of twinkling he was gone.

(To be continued.)

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